

THE TROY HERALD.

FISHER & MUDD, Publishers.

TROY, MISSOURI.

"Sovereign Remedies."

"It is wonderful!" Such was my exclamation as I caused the perusal of the long list of "sovereign remedies" which "eye local" of my well-read daily paper had grouped together.

I said, "There is no need of any more sickness in this world." No more consumption, nor corns, nor worms, nor catarrhs, nor back-aches, nor internal derangements of any kind, will trouble longer, for the "sovereign balm" has passed the sentence of eternal banishment upon all such tormentors of our race.

But how people do delight to take the "sovereign remedies." The "Vernifuge" is most delicious, and "Cool-liver Oil" produces the very superlative of delight. "Brain-reth's Pills" are equal to a warranty deed that joy will come in the morning.

In spite of ourselves we cannot help thinking, "all of this is very wonderful." It will surprise many of my readers, no doubt, to learn that, notwithstanding all the sneers, and frowns, and logic of men who "think they know," the number of superstitious remedies now in use "against the ills which flesh is heir to" is very great.

I wish to call attention to a few of these. Perhaps there is no affliction which people dread more than the ague, or "shakes," as it is sometimes called. Every tooth utters its protest against the thing. A "sovereign balm" for it is found in the following remedy: "Take a spider, the larger the better, envelop it with a coating of dough or preserved fruit, and then swallow the whole. Its virtue is said to be very great. The inhabitants of St. Patrick's Land are great believers in it. They use it, I am informed to the present day. But if this dose does not lay out the "shakes," there is another prescription which, if followed carefully, undoubtedly will. It consists in eating a large slice of bread, on which candle snuff has been spread with butter and molasses, the whole to be washed down with water at the nearest church font. One thing is certain of the use of these remedies, "if they don't do any good they won't do any harm." So my grandmother used to say.

"The rheumatism" will whistle behind the old mill if one will only wear a buckskin shirt fitted tight and put on while wet, and worn until it is dry. An amulet made of a piece of mountain ash or the foot of a rabbit can be worn if the first remedy fails.

The Shetlanders cure burns and scalds by breathing three times on the sore, and repeating each time:

"Here comes I to cure a burnt sore;
If the dead knew what the living endure
The burnt sore would burn no more."

If that don't prove successful, the following will:

"An angel came from the north,
And he brought cold and frost;
An angel came from the south,
And he brought heat and drought;
The angel from the north
Put out the fire."

To cure fits, great faith used to be placed in rings made from silver coin and voluntarily given to the afflicted person by acquaintances of the opposite sex. When this "balm" fails, then, the only remedy is to send to the old doctor whose very nose is an emblem of the truth that he is "death on fits."

Sir Kenneth Digby, M. D., in 1668, in his work called "Choice and Experimental Receipts in Physick and Chirurgery," gives "A sympathetic cure for the tooth-ache." It is as follows: "With an iron nail raise and cut the gum from about the tooth till it bleeds, and that some of the blood stick upon the nail; then drive it into a wooden beam up to the head; after this is done, you shall never have the tooth-ache in all your life." This remedy admits of no failure wherever it has been thoroughly tried, the doctor's directions being exactly followed.

Peter Levens, "Master of Arts in Oxford, and student in Physick and Chirurgery," in his "Pathway to Health," which was printed for J. W., and sold by Charles Tyn, at the Three Bibles on London Bridge, MDCLXVI, among numerous other prescriptions, gives this one, for "a man or woman that is in consumption. Take a brass pot, and fill it with water, and set on fire, and put a great earthen pot within that pot, and then put in those the parcels following: Take a cock, and pull him alive, then flick off his skin, then beat him in pieces; take dates, a pound, and slit out the stones, and lay a layer of them in the bottom of a pot, and then lay a piece of the cock, and upon that some more of the dates, and take scurvy, endive, and parsley roots, and so every layer, one upon another, and put in fine pearl, and cover the pot as close as may be with coarse dow, and so let it distill a good while, and so reserve it for your use, till such time as you have need thereof."

It might be supposed that these charms and incantations are for the "common people" only, and that ladies and gentlemen of "quality" never believe in such trifles; but the following, which is ascribed for want of better authorship, to Lord Bacon, will prove that the supposition is baseless. As I find this paragraph in print it must be true. The quotation marks and all look like Lord Bacon's.

"The taking away of warts by rubbing them with somewhat that is afterward put to waste and consumed is a common experiment; but I do apprehend it rather because of my own experience. I had from childhood a wart on one of my fingers; afterward, when I was about sixteen years old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts (at least an hundred) in a month's space; the English Ambassador's lady, who was a woman far from superstition, told me one day she would help me away with my warts, whereupon she got a piece of lard with the skin on, and rubbed the warts with the fat side, among the rest the wart which I had from my childhood; then she nailed the piece of lard, with the fat toward the sun, upon the post of her chamber window, which was to the south. The success was that within five weeks' space all the warts were quite away, and that wart which I had endured for company; but at the rest I did little marvel, because they came in so short a time again, but the doing of that which had stayed so long doing yet stick with me. They say

the like is done by rubbing of warts with a green elder stick, and then burying the stick."

But for "whooping cough" the remedies have a family name of great antiquity—viz.: "Legion," every one of which is warranted to make the "whoops" one less. Time would fail me to enumerate all of them, but among the principal remedies for this disease the following can be tried:

"Administering shell-lime: using a drinking cup of ivy; allowing a pibald horse to breathe on the patient; giving nine fried mice, three each day, for three days in succession; tying around the patient's neck a bag containing a caterpillar; passing the child nine times under the belly and over the back of a donkey; feeding it on currant cake made by a woman who did not change her name on getting married, or on bread and butter made in a house the master of which is named John and the mistress Joan; getting the owner of a pibald horse to say what will effect a cure; holding a toad in the child's mouth, in order that it may catch the disease; giving the patient for drink new milk out of a cup made of variegated holly; all of which are in use to this day as infallible."

The public is warned not to laugh while using any of these "sovereign remedies," for that is not the "time to laugh." The subject itself presents several serious sides, and unless a person can "laugh out of the other corner of his mouth," the old grandmothers all prohibit laughing. For fear "the folks" might think that this piece was written to make them laugh, I have written these "last lines" which look so solemn just as a warning. In conclusion, the writer would add that if any are concerned in the least upon this grave question, these solemn sentences are "to whom it may concern."—*Christian Monitor.*

Mother-Love in a Rat.

Mr. Ben. Taylor, of Taylor, Dunaway & Bros., lumber merchants, on Eighth street, between Madison and Washington, relates an incident, of which he was an eyewitness, at his lumber yard, recently, that strongly illustrates that universal feeling, mother-love, which so pervades all animal life that, from the highest to the lowest grade, all are akin in that respect.

On Thursday morning, in removing the last boards of a stack of planks, a rat's nest, with nine young ones, was found underneath. The little rodents were about the size of mice, and were able to crawl about at a lively rate. An old-fashioned wire trap was procured, the young rats put in it, a weight put on the top, and it was left on the nest and watched. The trap was a semi-sphere, with a funnel-shaped entrance in the top, and a lifting-door in the side.

After waiting some half hour the mother rat made her appearance, showing evident anxiety about her litter. She hesitated some time before approaching the trap, but finally her affection prevailed, and she boldly ventured out, within twenty feet and in full view of the watchers. She ran several times around the prison that contained her young, tried the wires with her teeth, and made many demonstrations of solicitude and distress. At length, finding that she could not get in to the young ones, she determined to bring them out to her. The manner in which she accomplished this showed something akin to that reason of which man is wont to boast that he is the only possessor.

Placing herself close against the wires she made a peculiar noise—a kind of gentle squeak—which immediately attracted the attention of her young. It was evident to the observers that she was endeavoring to "bring them to their milk." And they came to the familiar call. First one little fellow put his nose between the wires, and being a little encouraged and helped by the mother, who pressed her own nose between the same wires, thus spreading them a little wider apart, he squeezed his head through. In an instant she caught him by the back of the neck, and in spite of his squealing and crying under the painful process, she pulled him forcibly through the wires and ran off with him under a pile of lumber near by. Probably a minute elapsed before she reappeared, having deposited her rescued young one in safety. She was evidently encouraged by her success, and emboldened by the fact that she had not been molested, and proceeded to rescue one after another of her young. In the same manner, until she had taken out eight.

The watchers then half buried the trap in the loose dirt, and for a while the devoted mother was in great distress about how to get out the last of her litter. But she soon found that the little fellow couldn't reach her through the top, and she commenced digging down to him, throwing out the dirt eagerly, as if incited to exertions by the lamentations of her young one. She burrowed just in front of the lifting door, on reaching which she immediately entered, and to her surprise, found herself a prisoner. She had sacrificed her own liberty to her mother-love, and, as the event proved, her life also, for she was killed, though her labors and courage in behalf of that feeling which is instinct in all, and which is probably the most sacred impulse of the human heart, should have won mercy from her captors, and secured her from harm.—*Corington (Ky.) Journal.*

About fifty of the "Thousand Isles," in the St. Lawrence River, have been recently purchased by persons from various parts of the country for summer residences. Several cottages have been already erected, among which is that of Mr. Pullman of palace-car fame. These islands vary in size from one to ten acres each, and are covered with evergreen trees.

—An arithmetic man, who claims to speak by the card, avers that \$1,000,000 will not cover the losses of the principal resorts during the summer just past. At least half a dozen failures of prominent landlords are bruited, and abundant talk of compounding with creditors floats on northern and southern breezes.

—The family of the young writer, Frederick W. Loring, who was slain by the Apaches, near Wickenburg, Arizona, in November, 1871, while serving with Lieutenant Wheeler's expedition, have recovered the effects that were on his person when he fell. Among them were several sketches and a poem.

—Oranges are raised in San Bernardino measuring sixteen inches in circumference,

Perils of the Elephant Hunt.

The private papers of Charles John Anderson, the English hunter who lost his life in the wilds of Africa, have recently been published, and are full of thrilling interest. His experience in elephant hunting was very extensive, and his observations convinced him that this animal, sagacious as he is, is very far from being the harmless creature which most people suppose him to be, even when hunted in a wild state. In one of his papers Anderson says:

"That in countries where he is left altogether undisturbed he is peacefully inclined, not only towards the brute creation, but to mankind I can readily believe; but in those where he is subject to molestation, he can hardly be said to retain his innocence, as instances innumerable are on record, both in Africa and elsewhere, of his attacking travelers and others who have not offended him in any way. But whether or not the elephant is the harmless creature he is represented by many, certain it is that to the sportsman he is the most formidable of all the beasts, the lion not excepted, that roam the African wilds. The life of the professional elephant hunter is one of great peril and privation, and there are few who engage in it that do not, sooner or later, 'go to the wall.' 'I was surprised to hear,' says Mr. Rose, 'that it was his wish to leave his present life, and to settle down quietly on his farm.' Indeed, I said, 'I should have thought that this wild pursuit, and your former dangerous trade (that of a smuggler) would render a quiet life somewhat sleepily.' 'I have a wife now, and shall have children,' he replied, 'and have been driven to this by debt and necessity. I have nearly got over my difficulties, for, in twenty months, I and my Hottentots have killed eight hundred elephants; four hundred of them have fallen by this good gun, and when I am free I quit it. Scores of times have the elephants charged round me, even within a yard of the bush under which I had crept, and I feel that it was a chance that I was not crushed. Once I had fired at a large troop in a deep ravine, one side of which was formed by a steep cliff, which echoed back the sound of the firing, and a hundred elephants, with upraised ears, and loud screams, and tossing trunks, rushed down the narrow pass, and charged the echo, being the opposite side to that where we stood when we fired, and the one to which we had now moved; myself and Hottentots lying in the bush whilst they rushed past us. The boldest hunter is killed at last. When pursued by a rhinoceros I have sprung down a high bank, not knowing its depth, or whether I might not fall on a rock or a stump. No, sir! it is a life of common hardship and danger. I have been compelled to eat the wild-schoon (untanned leather shoes) from my feet."

"The daring of some of these elephant hunters almost exceeds credence. One of the most remarkable instances on record is that given by Thompson, on the authority of a relative of the hero of the story, a man named Marie, a famous Nguni, who, in his day, had slain upwards of forty of these animals. At a convivial meeting of friends and neighbors to celebrate New Year's day, when the company were heated with liquor, and each one had boastfully related deeds of hardihood, he himself had performed, Marie laid a wager that he would go into the forest, and pluck three hairs from out of the tail of a living elephant! This extraordinary feat he actually performed, and returned safely with the trophy to his comrades. But not satisfied with this specimen of his audacity, he laid another bet that he would return and shoot the same animal on the instant. He went accordingly with his mighty 'Roer,' but never came back again. He had approached too incautiously, and his first shot not proving effective, the enraged creature rushed upon him before he could reload or make his escape, and having thrust its tremendous trunk through the poor fellow's body, trampled him to a cake."

How Different People Walk.

Character is expressed in a great many ways apart from the use of speech. The following may be termed the physiognomy of walking. Observing people move slowly, heads moving alternately from side to side, while they occasionally stop and turn round. Careful persons lift their feet high and place them down flat and firm. Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets and their heads slightly inclined. Modest people generally step softly. Timid people often step off a sidewalk on meeting another, and always go around a stone instead of stepping over it. Wide awake persons "toe out," and have a long swing to their arms. Careless persons are forever stubbing their toes. Lazy people scrape about loosely with their heels, and are first on one side of the walk, and then on the other. Strong-minded people have their toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of stamp movement. Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns. One-idea persons and very selfish ones, too. In cross persons are not apt to hit their knees together. Fun-loving persons have a kind of halting movement. Good-natured persons snap the thumb and finger. A long stride indicates firmness, courage, and persistence. The head thrown backward, as if each twitch of the head jarred the head, are hasty, weak-minded, and can easily be bought. Cautious, reliable people take short steps, and slow persons long, quiet steps, while a kind of lifting up of the body at each step indicates fearlessness and honesty. Stepping on the toes with quickness and easy spring indicates activity, vitality and confidence.

A New Swindling Dodge.

The Sycamore (Ill.) *True Republican* tells the story of the latest swindle perpetrated on the agricultural community. Mr. W. L. Guernsey, of Genoa, was visited by a Mr. Williams and his wife, honest looking persons, who said they were traveling through the country in search of a farm. They remained at his house several days, and, appearing to like the place very much, made a bargain for it. But Mr. Williams' money somehow did not come—there must be some mistake—possibly it had been sent to Genoa, Wis., instead of Genoa, Ill., and they had better go and look it up. Meantime Mr. Williams had purchased \$62 worth of furniture in Sycamore, giving a note for \$95, signed by John Heth, and getting \$33 in cash, and some dry goods with an order signed by Heth. Mr. Guernsey drove his visitors to the depot, where the distressing discovery was made that Williams had left his pocket-book, containing \$200, in an old coat hanging up in the bedroom. Of course Mr. Guernsey loaned them enough money to pay expenses, and they went on their way. He was considerably surprised on returning home to find that the old coat, the pocket-book, the \$200, were not visible, and a little study led him to the conclusion that there was a swindle somewhere. However, as he had a wagon load of new furniture on hand he was not greatly distressed, but he did not feel so comfortable when, on visiting Sycamore soon after, he was told that both the note and order of John Heth were forgeries, and that he was blamed for indirectly endorsing a swindle.

Two Adventurous Youths.

In Fayette county, near the line of Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, there is a famous rattlesnake den, which has always been a source of terror and fear to those who have looked over its precincts, as well as to those who have even heard of the fearful revelations regarding the size and the number of the venomous reptiles which infest this poison-stricken cavern. In number their name is legion, and in size and downright virulence, there are no figures or names to represent them. A short time since two daring young men resolved to make an experiment, by way of forming some insight as regarded their numbers, and clothing themselves from head to foot in suits of thick buckskin (such as our friend Donnelly uses to make his best gloves), with large sharp knives in hand, they sallied forth into the poison infested region. They entered, cutting and slashing, the snakes hissing and striking at their adversaries, and when these enterprising youths landed on the other side, their clothes were a sight to see! As a snake would strike, his fangs would be deeply and firmly implanted in the buckskin, and off would go his head by a well-directed blow by the hand and knife. By making a fair count it was found that two hundred and forty snake heads were attached to the clothes of one of the party, and one hundred and sixty heads firmly fastened to the other. More would have been secured, but it was not a good day for snakes. But any one who does not believe the foregoing true story will be convinced of its entire correctness by inquiring at this office for the name of our informant.—*Greenbrier (Va.) Independent.*

Cholera and Pain-Killer.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.—This unparalleled preparation is receiving more testimonials of its wonderful efficacy in removing pains, than any other medicine ever offered to the public. And these testimonials come from persons of every degree of intelligence, and every rank of life. Physicians of the first respectability, and perfectly conversant with the nature of diseases and remedies, recommend this as one of the most effective in the line of preparations for the cure of Cholera, Cholera Morbus and kindred bowel troubles now so common among the people.

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CAN IT BE TRUE?—Within the last few months a considerable number of persons have called upon Dr. Walker, the proprietor of the popular medicine known as VINEGAR BITTERS, and assured him that, in their belief, his preparation is an infallible antidote for rum and tobacco. The minute details which have been furnished him forbid him to doubt the accuracy of the statements. This new claim of a great remedy to the confidence of the public will give a vast and well-deserved impulse to its popularity. Heretofore the BITTERS have been recognized as a pure vegetable tonic and corrective, devoid of alcohol, and thoroughly adapted to the cure of stomach and bowel complaints, nervous disorders, bilious affections, muscular diseases, and, indeed, a majority of the ailments within the reach of medicine; but if it will also cure the craving for liquor and tobacco, philosophers, statesmen and theologians ought to unite their voices in its praise. Can the good news be true? It is easy to test the question.

THE Narragansett Collar Co. are turning out from 75,000 to 100,000 Elmwood and Warwick collars a day. This shows their immense popularity. If you have not worn them we would advise you to do so.—*Conn.*

—An ingenious Boston girl has taught a squirrel, in his revolving cage, to turn her sewing machine.

Base ball is undoubtedly good exercise and capital amusement, but it often occasions bunged eyes, broken skins and blistered hands. We can tell you that in all such cases, if *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* is resorted to, it will reduce the swelling and stop the pain.

DON'T HAWK, HAWK, SPIT, SPIT, BLOW, Blow and disgust everybody with your Catarrh and its offensive odor, when Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will speedily destroy all odor, arrest the discharge and cure you. 65c

At the Vienna World's Fair, the Grand Medal of Progress, which was the recognition of highest excellence in Pumps, Hydraulic Rams and Garden Engines from all Nations was awarded to W. & B. DOUGLAS, Middletown, Conn., the oldest and best established manufacturers of these goods in the world.

We would not recommend the frequent or constant use of any medicine. It is important to take even a good article judiciously. *Purson's Purgative Pills* are safe, prompt and reliable as a laxative or cathartic.

We advise those desiring to become Agents for really valuable Books to address postal card to T. Ellwood Zell, Philadelphia, for Circular.

THE best thing for Harness is the celebrated Frank Miller's Harness Oil.

OLD Chronic Sores and Swellings are aroused to new life, washed up and carried away by the thorough use of Prof. Anderson's Dermator. It seems to penetrate all through their old indolent hulks starting all the vessels and surrounding tissues to healthy action. See advertisement in this paper.

JANUARY, Skin Diseases, and Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys are removed by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. They produce healthy secretions of the stomach, liver and other organs of the body, and are beneficial whenever an alterative or purgative medicine is required.

A DOSE every two days is the way to take Shallenberger's Fever and Ague Antidote. One dose stops the Chills, and a cure is certain.

PERLEMAN CLOTHES WRINGER.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—The October number of this excellent magazine has appeared. Its character is sufficiently indicated by its title. Among the articles specially challenging attention in this number are: Disease and its Treatment; How to Clothe the Babies; Ill-health of Teachers; Sovereign Remedies, etc., etc. Published by S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York. Terms, \$2 a year; single numbers, twenty cents. Volumes begin in July and January.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The October number is an excellent one, being in respect to mechanical execution, illustrations and literary character fully equal to any that have preceded. The different departments are full and entertaining, that of fashions being particularly noticeable in this regard. The publisher announces that he has made arrangements to illustrate the magazine from time to time with first-class Chromos. The first of the series will appear in the December number. Single subscription, \$3.00 a year, with reduction to clubs. Published by L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia.

Thirty Years' Experience of an Old Nurse.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health, and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the Best and Surest Remedy in the World in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHœA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from Teething or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & BROWN is on the outside wrapper.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

Children Often Look Pale and Sick

From no other cause than having worms in the stomach.

BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBITS

will destroy Worms without injury to the child, being perfectly pure, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

CURTIS & BROWN, Proprietors.

No. 215 Fulton street, New York.

Sold by Druggists and Chemists, and Dealers in Medicines, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOX.

The Household Panacea and Family Liniment

Is the best remedy in the world for the following complaints, viz.: Cramps in the Limbs and Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Bowels or Side, Rheumatism in all its forms, Bilious Colic, Neuralgia, Cholera, Dysentery, Colds, Flesh Wounds, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Stomach Complaints, Spasms and Bruises, Chills and Fever, For Internal and External use.

Its operation is not only to relieve the patient, but entirely remove the cause of the complaint. It penetrates and pervades the whole system, restoring healthy action to all its parts, and quickening the blood.

THE HOUSEHOLD PANACEA is Purely Vegetable and All-Healing.

Prepared by

CURTIS & BROWN,

No. 215 Fulton street, New York.

For sale by all Druggists.

Half Alive.

It is a sad thing to pass through life only half alive. Yet there are thousands whose habitual condition is one of languor and debility. They complain of no specific disease; they suffer no positive pain, but they have no relief for anything which affords mental or sensuous pleasure to their more robust and energetic fellow beings.

In nine cases out of ten this state of lassitude and torpor arises from a morbid stomach. Indigestion destroys the energy of both mind and body. When the waste of nature is not supplied by a due and regular assimilation of the food, every organ is starved, every function interrupted.

Now, what does common sense suggest under these circumstances of depression? The system needs rousing and strengthening; not merely for an hour or two, to sink afterwards into a more pitiable condition than ever (as it assuredly would do if an ordinary alcoholic stimulant were resorted to), but radically and permanently.

How is this desirable object to be accomplished? The answer to this question, founded on the unvarying experience of a quarter of a century, is easily given. Infuse new vigor into the digestive organs by a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Do not waste time in administering temporary remedies, but wake the system up by recuperating the fountain-head of physical strength and energy, the great organ upon which all the other organs depend for their nurture and support.

By the time that a dozen doses of the great vegetable tonic and invigorant have been taken, the feeble frame of the dyspeptic will feel its benign influence. Appetite will be created, and with appetite the capacity to digest what it craves. Preserved until the cure is complete—until healthy blood, instead of being the material of flesh and muscle, bone and nerve and brain, flows through the channels of circulation, instead of the watery medium with which they have heretofore been imperfectly nourished.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23, 1873.		
BEEF CATTLE—Native.	6.50	12.25
Texas.	6.50	8.50
HOGS—Dressed.	6.50	7.40
Live.	6.50	7.40
SHEEP—Live.	4.25	6.00
COTTON—Middle—New.	17.00	18
WHEAT—Good to Choice.	6.50	7.50
WHEAT—Spring No. 2.	1.40	1.42
COIN—Western Mixed.	62	63
OATS—Western, New.	50	52
RYE—Western.	50	55
PORK—New Mess.	17.25	17.50
LARD.	65 1/2	65 3/4

ST. LOUIS.		
COTTON—Middle.	17 1/2	18
BEEF CATTLE—Choice.	3.25	5.50
Good to Prime.	1.00	5.00
Cows and Heifers.	2.50	4.00
Butchers' Stock.	2.75	3.75
HOGS—Live.	4.00	4.20
Choice Family.	3.00	4.25
WHEAT—Choice Family.	1.75	1.80
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter.	1.35	1.37
No. 2 White do.	1.18	1.20
CORN—No. 2, Mixed.	.78	.80
OATS—No. 2.	.25	.30
RYE—No. 2.	.68	.69
BARLEY—No. 2, New.	1.25	1.30
PORK—New Mess.	16.25	16.50
LARD.	65 1/2	65 3/4
WOOL—Tub washed—Choice.	48	50
Unwashed—Medium.	38	32

CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Native.	4.50	5.50
Texas.	3.25	4.00
HOGS—Live.	4.00	4.00
SHEEP—Good to Choice.	4.00	4.05
FLOUR—White Winter Extra.	7.00	9.00
Spring Extra.	5.50	6.25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 1.	65	63
No. 2.	63	60
Corn—No. 2.	33	34
Oats—No. 2.	25	26
Barley—No. 2.	60	60 1/2
PORK—No. 2.	60	60 1/2
PORK—New Mess.	14.75	15.00
LARD.	65 1/2	67

CINCINNATI.		
FLOUR—Family.	6.00	6.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.	1.30	1.35
CORN—No. 2.	.50	.55
OATS—No. 2.	.40	.44
BARLEY.	1.13	1.15
COTTON—Middle.	17 1/2	18
PORK—New Mess.	15.75	16.00
LARD.	65	65 1/2

NEW ORLEANS.		
FLOUR—Choice and Family.	8.00	9.75
CORN—Mixed.	.65	.70
OATS.	.40	.45